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A Magnificent Opportunity

THE B.C. parks branch is tackling the development of Goldstream Park with ingenuity and dispatch. Plans to have the new provincial recreational playground open by April 1 will likely be realized if the present rate of development is maintained. Already two-thirds of the camping sites have been completed, and plans made for water distribution, picnic tables, the balance of the camping sites and three miles of surfaced roads leading through the area. This, with the picnic grounds and tables, will round out the initial development of what is envisaged as one of the show-places in the provincial parks system.

The character and imagination of the work done under the parks branch elsewhere on Vancouver Island and the Mainland are good guarantee of the finished park at Goldstream. The setting is naturally lovely. Its proximity to the city is invaluable. The development of these natural assets in keeping with the scenic background should indeed furnish an outstanding example of what can be done in the recreational treatment of selected forest areas.

Not as a boast, but as a prediction in a community which for upwards of a century has been holding picnics at Goldstream, Victoria will look forward to the opening of the park under provincial auspices with considerable pleasure. This city did not have the facilities to make the most of the place. As a B.C. playground, Goldstream will be assured of upkeep and improvement in perpetuity.

More so perhaps at Goldstream than elsewhere in British Columbia's forest areas, there is a combination of sea, woods, hills and running stream which blend into an enchanting setting. The evidence on the ground proves that this magnificent opportunity has been understood and the challenge accepted. The new Goldstream Park should stand in a class by itself.

More Pampering

SOME people may still subscribe to the overworked catch phrase about nothing being too good for our children, as applied to the public education system; but even they must find it a little hard to accept the extravagant idea that hard-earned tax money should be spent on parking lots for high school students. Plans reportedly being made by the Greater Victoria school board to level an area for student parking at Oak Bay high school should be knocked on the head forthwith, and the board should have its knuckles rapped for entertaining the thought. Oak Bay council has disclaimed responsibility for it, with expressions of disapproval.

If Oak Bay high school has land to spare for a parking lot for adolescent motorists too proud or too lazy to walk or ride bicycles then it didn't need so much in the first place. As for spending public money to construct a parking lot, that is pampering beyond anything the taxpayers can reasonably be asked to accept. Levelling the area might not cost very much, but that does not change the principle; and the next thing is likely to be a request for blacktopping, at much heavier expense.

With the possible exception of cases of physical disability there is no earthly reason why teenagers should be allowed, let alone encouraged, to clutter up school property. This driving practice may create a traffic problem through students' cars being parked on the streets, but that is no concern of those who pay school taxes. If parents and school authorities are powerless to stop minors from driving cars to school it is up to the police and municipal officials to devise other ways to put an end to the nuisance.

The Lost Words

WHEN the Throne Speech debate came to an end the point was made that some hundreds of thousands of words had passed into memory. For official purposes oblivion would be the better word, for with no written record kept the Legislature has no transcript of what took place. The same goes of course for the Budget and all debates in the Legislature.

Quite likely MLAs are not unhappy that at least some of their sayings should disappear into the limbo, for then these cannot be held against them. Some verbal passages of arms take place that would shock any respectable record by their rudeness, and on this score alone it is a pity a Hansard is not kept. It might help to improve the manners of the House, although in view of the equally excitable behavior in the Commons which does keep Hansard, perhaps not.

The point, however, is that the most important business of the province, that of legislating for the public good, officially goes unrecorded in detail of debate and discussion. Newspapers do a creditable job of reporting what goes on, but of necessity they cannot reproduce a complete transcript of proceedings. It can be claimed that part of the history of the province is thus being denied, for it is the interplay of debate that reveals motives and attitudes and provides the material for objective historical study.

With remembrance of the gaps to be filled in painting the picture of B.C. during last year's centennial events, one might think the value of a legislative Hansard would be appreciated more than ever. Such a register would in fact be of great service to MLAs themselves, and it would provide the public with a continuous account of what goes on. We live in complex days also when it is desirable that the record be kept in straight and clear detail.

Island Editors Say

How To Keep the Ferry

The fact of the matter, a bitter pill which Victorians apparently refuse to face, is that much as they love to see these graceful ships sitting in their berths and much as they enjoy the exquisite nostalgia that the sound of the ship's whistles brings them, they prefer to travel to and from the mainland by other means.

If Victoria wants to keep this service operating all year around, it can have it by persuading its people to patronize the service sufficiently to make it sound economics. To try and keep it operating by pressure on the CPR or by government subsidy, simply means passing the cost on to the rest of B.C. or the rest of Canada and we want no part of it.

—LADYSMITH CHRONICLE

Salute to B.C. Power

A great many of us take the wonders of electricity for granted, but the older ones who have known the days of living without modern electrical appliances more fully appreciate the strides that have been made in the development of electrical energy.

This revolution in the electrical supply business hasn't just happened — it has been the result of the foresight of a government back in the forties which passed legislation giving birth to the B.C. Power Commission.

Some of us are unhappy with the rates charged in this area by the commission, but none of us can deny that the same commission has done more to advance the welfare of our people through electricity than any single agency of our time.

—COURTENAY ARGUS

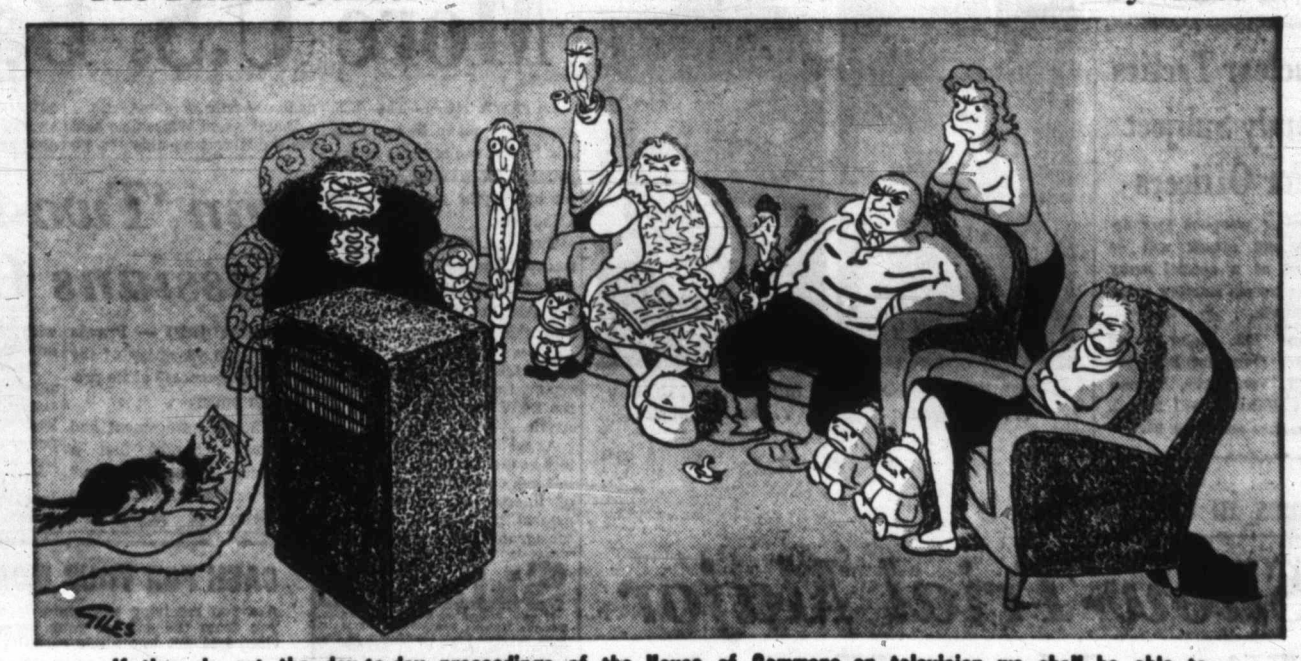
Better Than Last Year

In several ways conditions are better than a year ago. Volume business in lumbering at present seems good, though no one is expecting a return to the higher prices of a few years ago. From the IWA's viewpoint also, other unions in the country have been given wage increases, though the gains apply perhaps more to the service industries than to primary producers and manufacturers, and include railway workers, telephone and other utility groups and so on.

The federal government has created an atmosphere of instability in labor-management circles this year by giving the green light to groups who depend on decisions of Crown boards to settle their wage disputes. The increase in freight rates has not helped the lumber industry at all. Fortunately shipping costs have not risen correspondingly. Truck competition may bring down rail charges to some extent, where such competition exists.

—COWICHAN LEADER

The British Scene... by Giles



If they do put the day-to-day proceedings of the House of Commons on television we shall be able to see what causes so many parliamentary reports to be followed by the phrase: "There was laughter."

London Express Service.

Thinking Aloud

". . . of shoes—and ships—and sealing wax—of cabbages and kings."

By TOM TAYLOR

ONE MLA seems disturbed because the proposed UBC student grants lean towards eggheadedness. Should they lean towards something else?

Athletics are surely a by-product of university life, not the main purpose. Even at that, however, the MLA, who apparently doesn't think much of UBC sports skills, forgets that oarsmen from Point Grey won the Olympic fours in 1956 and the Empire eights in 1958. He mentions Russia, but Russia didn't put the first sputnik in the sky because it has good runners and soccer players.

This writer spent a considerable part of his earlier years following the athletic path; now he wishes he had been an egghead.

* * *

I notice that the Union Jack and the Centennial flag, tattered and torn, are still flying from a single pole above the Memorial Arena. I wish someone at the City Hall would do something about this. The spectacle is all wrong and looks dreadful, especially when related to an arena dedicated to the memory of men who served their flag well.

* * *

Transport Minister George Hees said in the House of Commons last week that the federal government has no constitutional responsibility with respect to the Victoria-Vancouver steamship ferry service. Only the week before he had addressed the Toronto University Women's Club, and this is what he told them:

"Transportation made Canada. In fact, explicit in the terms of union with Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, British Columbia, Prince Edward Island and Newfoundland, was the requirement that adequate rail and/or water links be provided and maintained."

What a difference a few days can make when a subject becomes real and not academic.

* * *

Some queer things are ascribed to children. It has been said for instance that as an adult Johnny will hate his mother because she whacked him on a tender spot when he was young, and that Jenny in after life will disown her parents because as a tiny tot they persuaded her that Santa Claus came down the chimney.

Now a Chicago theologian says Sunday School spoils children because all they hear there is that mama, papa, teacher and God "loves me," and that when they turn into their teens they discover other people in the world and "all hell breaks loose."

Children, even those attending Sunday School, discover other people from their birth onwards; they are never free of them. If the theologian really said this, the man's daft.

* * *

A reader queries the statement, quoted here a week ago from the Toronto Telegram, that family names came to England only after the Norman Conquest, whereas Ireland had been using them for centuries.

Of itself this column wouldn't know, but I notice that Dr. Mario Pei, a learned professor at Columbia University, writes in his "Story of Language":

"The custom of family names, as distinguished from the primitive clan or tribal name, which fell into disuse after the fall of the Roman Empire, did not generally arise in Europe till the twelfth century, when Venetian patrician families began to hand down a second name from father to son. Previously, there had been a sporadic use of patronymics like Walter, John's son, which ultimately developed into Walter Johnson; of trade names, like John the Baker, which resulted in John Baker, and of location names, such as Thomas-at-well, which finally became Thomas Atwell."

By Effort and Sacrifice...

How We Can Win the Cold War

By Prof. W. B. HARVEY

WHEN we get into a full-scale war we make the winning of that war our chief concern. We stop quarrelling among ourselves and cooperate to defeat the enemy. Producers accept government orders as to what to produce and at what price to sell, consumers accept rationing and shortages, labor unions accept wage controls—and everybody accepts high taxes.

Such attitudes depend on our general expectation that war is an exceptional situation which will not last indefinitely.

In the cold war, our attitude is different. We think of it as a situation in which there is danger of war, one which justifies heavy expenditures on the armed forces, but not as a life-and-death struggle in which we subordinate our private aims to the overriding objectives of national survival. Our hope of peace takes the form of a belief that the communists will some day give up their aggressive designs and become peaceful.

* * *

We do not seem to feel that the cold war is going to be won by effort and sacrifice on our part. We may realize that the cold war can be won by the firm establishment of democratic governments throughout the world; but we do not feel that we have any great obligation to assist. Indeed there are some among us—besides the pro-Communists—who tell us that any attempt on our part to favor democracy in other countries is unjustifiable interference in their internal affairs.

Worse still, there are some among us who accept the communist argument that the struggle is between rival economic systems — between capitalism and socialism—and not between democracy and dictatorship. Those who take that view naturally would rather give aid to dictators who maintain capitalism than to democrats like Nehru who are socialistically inclined. Those attitudes must be fundamentally changed. Winning the cold war is primarily a matter of changing our attitude to it.

* * *

Students of world affairs are practically unanimous in saying that the cold war can be won for democracy, by a combined educational and economic effort—by educating the leaders of tomorrow in the poverty-stricken countries, especially in economics, politics and history, and by raising their living standards.

The experts are generally agreed, too, that we have the resources needed for the job. What we lack is the will to throw our resources into the struggle. And before that result can be achieved our people must be convinced not only of the danger in which we stand but also of the possibility that our efforts can be the decisive factor in the definitive winning of the cold war.

To inspire and to rally our people to the defence of democracy, is the duty of all who play a part in influencing the thought of the nation. The clergy, editors, radio and TV commentators, all share in the task. Many editors and a few commentators like Edward R. Murrow are doing an outstanding job. The CBC, at least until recently, has done rather less than nothing. Its major contribution has been to help the communists by blackening the U.S. and talking as if the struggle were merely Russo-American rivalry.

* * *

Our political leaders might do more to make the people aware of the danger—as they did when we faced the Nazis. In our struggle against fascism our leaders went to the people, each with a characteristic appeal. And those appeals shaped public attitudes throughout the war.

Churchill's historic call for "blood, sweat and tears" set the tone of British defiance; Mr. King's call for cuts in consumption, for reduction in living standards largely explains the success of price and wage controls in Canada. President Roosevelt's appeal for tanks, planes, ships and guns was a factor in the dedication of the people of the U.S. to the goal of increased production—the round-the-clock operation of factories and the stupendous surge of women into industry.

* * *

What we need to win the cold war is a sense of the necessity of winning it; the needed sacrifices will follow as a matter of course. To those who are unconcerned about our own peril there can always be the appeal to sympathy—to our admitted duty to help our less fortunate fellows.

A collection of letters from our boys in Korea relating the hardships endured by the victims of Communist tyranny might bring home to our enfeebled imaginations the realities of poverty and oppression. A call to deny ourselves some of the luxuries for the sake of the suffering millions of our fellowmen—as well as for our own—would not be altogether in vain.

The Packsack

By GREGORY CLARK

A CAMERA depicts a thing as it is. An artist depicts a thing as we see it. And somewhere in that simple and probably inaccurate statement lies a commentary on science which bigger brains than mine can ferret out and declare.

Science, whether mechanical or physical, is going on the assumption that truth can be arrived at in the end. And like a cloud of witnesses the scientists all over the earth, in wonderful collusion, are pursuing the truth as though it were the ultimate end of man. But obviously what we believe is far more important to us than the truth. What a warehouse, echoing and cold, this world would be if the truth were known, and all our beliefs shorn off us.

These fanciful reflections are inspired by a drawing by a young man barely twenty, Fenwick Lansdowne, of Victoria, B.C., an artist whose work is creating an ever-widening sensation all across America. The drawing is of a bird, a horned lark, and it adorns the cover of the new publication, Canadian Audubon, which this month takes the place of the smaller magazine, Canadian Nature, that has been published for many years by the Audubon Society of Canada.

All the photographs in the world could not convey to the mind even of a biologist the actuality of a horned lark as does this Lansdowne drawing. As much as anything I have ever seen, it reveals the helplessness of science to communicate truth in competition with the human eye and hand, and something called the human spirit, a mysterious thing farther beyond reach than the outermost galaxy.

Time Capsule... *By G. E. Mortimer*

King Edward in Berlin

CIVIL war raged in the streets of Vienna, 25 years ago, as Socialists tried by force of arms to expel members of the Fascist Heimwehr from positions of influence in Engelbert Dolfuss' cabinet.

The "pocket chancellor," beset from all sides, fought for his political life. His country lay in the shadow of Hitler's Germany.

Eight men—one of them a prison guard—were slain in a riot following an attempted break from Washington State Penitentiary, Walla Walla. Nine were injured.

Capt. D'Arcy Martin, son of Mr. Justice Archer Martin, was named sergeant-at-arms of the B.C. legislature.

The legislature was considering a measure to make sidewalk gasoline pumps illegal. . . . Victoria Presbytery of the United Church voiced unanimous opposition to the proposal to have a hospital sweepstake in Canada.

* * *

KING Edward VII and Queen Alexandra of Britain were welcomed to Berlin for a visit, 50 years ago, in February, 1909.

The Emperor of Germany entertained them at a gala banquet in the Imperial Palace.

The utterances of both the British and German monarchs "were of the most cordial nature, emphasizing the peaceful sentiments and the close relations of the two nations. . . ."

"A demonstration of the unemployed of the German capital, planned to coincide with the arrival of the visiting monarch, was only partially successful. . . ." Unemployed men, marching on the palace, were stopped by sabre-swinging police, and a number were wounded.

Five years later Britain and Germany were at war.

* * *

INDIANS attacked a ship in Nitinat Sound, 100 years ago.

"The brig Swiss Boy, Capt. Weldon, bound from Port Orchard to San Francisco, with a cargo of lumber, put into Nitinat Sound to stop a leak, on February 1st," the British Colonist reported.

"The Indians boarded her in great numbers, drove the captain from the wheel and the crew to the forecastle. They then cut away the masts, rigging and sails, and carried ashore every thing.

"Some three hundred boarded her and completed the work of destruction in three hours. Capt. Weldon attributes the preservation of their lives to a Macaw chief.

"Prompt measures should be taken by the government to chastise these pirates. . . ."

—FROM COLONIST FILES.

With the Classics

For I have learned
To look on nature, not as in the hour
Of thoughtless youth: but hearing oftentimes
The still, sad music of humanity,
Nor harsh, nor grating, though of ample power
To chasten and subdue. And I have felt
A presence that disturbs me with the joy
Of elevated thoughts; A sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean and the living air,
And the blue sky and in the mind of man:
A motion and a spirit, that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all thoughts,
And rolls through all things.

—WORDSWORTH